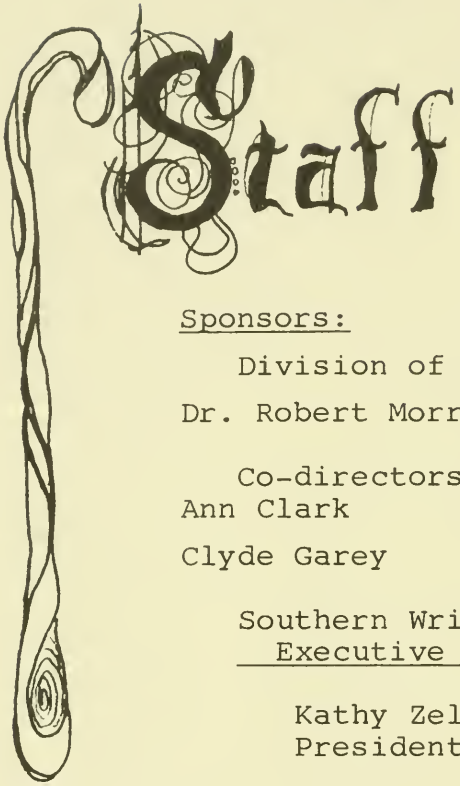


SDA
LD
5101
.S367
L4
1984



Staff

Sponsors:

Division of Arts and Letters,
Dr. Robert Morrison, Chairman.

Co-directors:
Ann Clark
Clyde Garey

Southern Writers' Club
Executive Committee

Kathy Zellmer,
President, First Semester

Valerie Dick,
President, Second Semester

Leanne Facundus

Angelia Johnson

Maureen Mayden

George Turner

Page Weemes

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Patty Christman
Olson Perry
Sam McBride
Jan Haluska

McKEE LIBRARY
Southern Adventist University
Collegedale TN 37315

DA
D
101
S367
4
984

THE BEGINNING

A prologue, yes what finer way to shape
Square one of my creative course? Mean phrase
Of mine will mingle in the mass that makes
A pyramid on which great poets raised
By test of time, do rest and mock the dull.
No turning back now; what to say and how?
Before me Shakespeare plied verse to the full,
Used several thousand words just once. But now,
For me, in the stew-pot of English words
What unseen morsel of expression waits?
A man named Asimov, you might have heard,
Has authored sixty-nine books 'til this date.
No match am I, but think not of retreat.
So place me in the pot and raise the heat.

Tim Lale



I mages
M ade
A nd
G iven
I nside
N otice
E xistentially.

VJD

Walking through
the afternoon,
Playing with your hand,
I think of words
That might make you laugh.

Each time your eyes smile
(not necessarily with your mouth)
It's like a lesson on the meaning
Of time, priority, beauty, and friendship.
Then other times it is like
A tiny splash of cool watery water,
And a friendly "gotcha!"
With a sunny
afternoon.

Gart Curtis



T H E J U M P

"Sit in the door," he yells.
Sit in the door! That yawning chasm
waiting to suck me away? My mouth
grows bitter, my stomach is quaking.
My left arm tightly holds my safety
handle, my backup. He gently pries
my fingers from my static line.

"Under the wing!" He screams.
Under the wing! On that flimsy step
with only a strut to grab! Down
between my toes lies 3,500 feet of
nothing! I feel my muscles quivering.
I tremble with ecstasy and cowardice.

"Are you ready?" He bellows.
Are you ready! Ready for waht?
To meet my maker? To fly into oblivion
and hell? Or to fly like a bird on
wings of freedom?

"Jump!" He thunders.
Jump?! Is my gear on right?
Will my chute open?

I
leap...

Leah R. Louderback



SONNET # 1

Our love, I feel, has grown as cold as stone,
And this I said to you but you denied;
But how? The times I feel the most alone
Are moments when you are standing by my side.
You said my love was more than you deserve;
On this we did agree, and little else.
Thus, tears and outward hatred must preserve
A feeling I may not believe myself.
And so at last we go our separate ways:
I to new love, and you new love to find.
But ever through the night's romantic plays
A mem'ry calls unanswered in my mind.
You told me that you loved me, and you cried.
I said I didn't love you...and I lied.

George Turner





EXTANT

Mushy frost in the morning
Before sunrise, before food,
Under foot but in mind.
Now eat. A good way,
And too, an essential act.
Now work. A good reason,
Or a good excuse anyway.
Air, also, is interesting stuff.
All around you. It blows.
It smells, it bites, it breathes.
OK, moving right along,
Touch, hold, pinch, love.
Take your share, laugh.
Give it to someone else.
Twigs snapping, beatles bugging.
Dandelions in the afternoon.
A private thought at sunset.
Extant--a very clean word.
and so it goes.

Gart Curtis

T ime passing
O ver
D awn to
A lter
Y esterday:

D aylight
A wakening
W icked
N ight.

N ight's
O pposite
O pposed
N ot.

N othingness
I n
G hostly
H ues
T oday.

Valerie Dick



RECEDED DAY

Tim Lale

The night smelled crispy cold. My footsteps cracked and bounced around the alley, asphalt and concrete everywhere. A contented mood rested on me and with uncharacteristic spontaneity I whistled a tuneless creation. I even felt a brief tremor of excitement. Pleasant customers do good to the heart like a medicine, I contemplated. And now home to warmth and bed. Undertones of traffic stole down the long alley to my cold-bitten ears. The sound reassured me. This alley which darkened almost to nothingness near the middle suggested the approach of a strange, different world as it drew passers-by away from happy lights and familiar noise. The utility of the passage struck me. How senseless to walk an extra mile just to bask in streetlight. No doubt my middle-aged clients would agree. They never walked outside at night. The clatter of my feet grew monotonous.

I would never have ventured through here when I was young, I mused. Had this alley been part of my childhood, I would probably avoid it even now. What horrors the blackness had invented for my childish mind. One night stayed behind in my memory as a spokesman for those years. I began to brood on the recollection.

As I lay in bed that evening, the darkness, so solid after the light, flattened against my eyes

The first forty seconds passed without alarm as I tried vainly to make out the silhouette of my hand in front of my face. I could not see it which was at first interesting, and then disturbing. Ripples of panic lapped at my abdomen. My thoughts, coherent until then, deteriorated to nameless nightmarish fancies that darted fish-like out of control. I was engulfed in darkness.

After lying mute with horror for several minutes, I noticed some small adjustment my eyes had made to the gloomy night. Vague objects assumed malevolent form. Surely my fear had reached its awful highpoint. No, it had not.

High on the wall opposite my bed, an egg-shaped light patch shivered rhythmically. The instant I noticed it, I glued my eyes to the patch to appease a dreadful notion that if I looked away, it would shiver closer to me. While I faint-heartedly stared up at the wall, I became conscious of a sound inside my ear. A high-pitched ring, with a steady note, grew gradually louder. To hear such a note from within my ear seemed unnatural to me, especially when I needed all available concentration to survive the patch on the wall. The noise affected me in the way I feared most. I broke my attention from that patch.

I looked around the room absently as I pondered the source of the resonance. To my utter dismay my drifting eyes saw the beam above the door shift several inches up and to the right of the door and then back down with a tremulous movement. The dark grey beam then lay trembling while the

doorpost swayed to and frow once beneath it. I was now so petrified I would not breathe for fear of attracting attention to myself. I froze in an awkward position for a long time with no hope that the ghastly phantom would leave me. The corner of my eye noticed the light patch crouching above me. The anguish in my young mind reached a new, more horrible stage as the hair on my neck raised itself to meet the two-fronted enemy.

The tick-clicking of a door-handle downstairs cast infinite relief on me. Light in the hall flooded the safe world of vision and color back into my room.

Snapping out of my absorbing reminiscence, I turned suddenly in the path. I was certain I had heard a gravelly rustling behind me. Involuntarily a thumping began in my chest. Very slowly and carefully I stepped into the shadow. Something lurked in the sheds lining the alley. I had to find the source, put a name to the unknown. The nearest shed door was open a crack and with sudden frenzy I kicked at it. No sooner had the squealing door crashed inward than a thudding and scraping and agonized moaning behind it prickled my neck. I tensed to run. Out of the hell-black shed rushed a squawking demon with claws that scratched my head as it frantically flapped away. I sprinted furiously along the alley and then sheepishly slowed to walk, with shaking hands rammed in my pockets, out into the lighted street.

The Little Rocking Chair

Over by the window
the perfect toy for a clear-eyed child
bright
polished
with a lullaby songbox.
The perfect mirror of mom,
the child sat protecting her doll
smiling
dreaming of tomorrow.

Over in the corner
the perfect relic for a muddy-eyed woman
shabby
scratched
with a twisted song-box.
The perfect relflection on life,
the woman stands accusing her doll
staring
mourning for yesterday.

Donna Wolbert

The Craven'

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I studied,
eyes a bleary,
Over useless fact and theory that seemed to me an
endless bore,
With logic crumbling, thoughts a jumbling, suddenly
there came a rumbling
As of someone fiercely grumbling, a grumbling that
became a roar!
My heart did race, I felt the empty place down to
my core,
Only this and nothing more.

Back unto my studies turning, all the while
my stomach churning,
Soon again I heard the rumbling somewhat louder
than before.
Determined not to let it win, as if it were some
deadly sin,
I stubbornly insisted reading, knowing it I should
ignore.
I clenched my teeth and plugged my ears and set
my feet firm on the floor.
Pressing onward, evermore.

Presently the urge grew stronger, hesitating then
no longer,
Up I dashed, and wildly, madly, pawed for change
within my drawer.
With trembling hands I grabbed the cash and through
the door with one mad dash,
I quickly flew with wings on heels, toward the
haven, heavenly store.
As I munched the growls subsided, throughout
me than relief did pour,
M & M's forever more.

Wendy Ripley

Smooth, clear, the wind whisks the willowing leaves
Water, clear, blue gurgles in harmony,
The melody of summer after refreshing rain.

So many sounds, yet so quiet,
So many movements, yet so still.

Nature is like that.

Michelle Cole



the basket game

now
i
realize
that i
shouldn't
wonder
if you're
wondering,
but i
was just
wondering
whether
or not
you were
wondering
so i
figured
to be
on the
safe
side
(just
in case
you
were
wondering)
i'd better
tell you
so
you
wouldn't
wonder;

except
now i
don't
remember
what it
was i
was
wondering
if you
were
wondering.



George Turner



Question?

Can I love you? How
Can I love you
 when
You love not
The forest, skies,
 birds, bugs,
 water, rocks,
As I do?
Part of me
 like
Heritage...these
Are my parents, family.
You do not
 can not
Love them
As I do. So how
can you love me
 and
I love you?

George Turner



DICTUM

Inhib itor
Sick Potentate
Re strictor
Dic tates

Determines means
Constricts freedom
Everyone seems
Vic tim

Demands punctuality
Redundantly mocks
Cursed necessity
Time Clocks

Kathy Zelmer

THE DUEL

As the two blades crossed, the echo of clashing metal ignited the audience chamber with ripples of cheer.

"To the death," said the homecomer, so full of sureness.

"To the death," replied the prisoner of war, who was put into "THE GAMES" after being captured.

Never before had captors witnessed such swordplay as from this unnoticed prisoner. So accurate and calm, wrapping a net of steel about his opponent.

The expressions of the talented homecomer answered his own fury. He was losing. Now, realizing this, he charged with terrible ferocity, only to have his living flesh sliced and sundered.

The deep red blood, so vital for life, now streamed. The facial expressions alone told a story; blood was its only expression.

The arms and hands to hold the sword of defense were pierced beyond repair. And Life itself, to enjoy beauty and laughter no more.

Impotent, entombed in his own fears of death, a being created by God, Himself, the prisoner raised the sword of vengeance, to kill one like himself.

How could he but notice the ghastly sight which he, himself, had created.

Joe Osborne



H eld
I nterpretations of
S tories
T old
O f the
R eality of
Y esterday.

Valerie Dick

From the Stork to Tomorrow
A love story

From the stork to tomorrow
Is a sort of love story
That I loosely call 'my life.'

It all began with love
Of course, but that is another
Couple's life...and love.

Mine,
Drifting happily first
Then scabby knees and loose teeth
Leading to increased awareness
And the contemplation of nothingness
(oooh)

To be, or not to be? yes
What a simple decision
But to be all that I can be
Or not. (can't blame the stork)

Each tomorrow reveals
Better than any fortune teller
Or soothe sayer, or what-have-you
The future and what I've done with it.

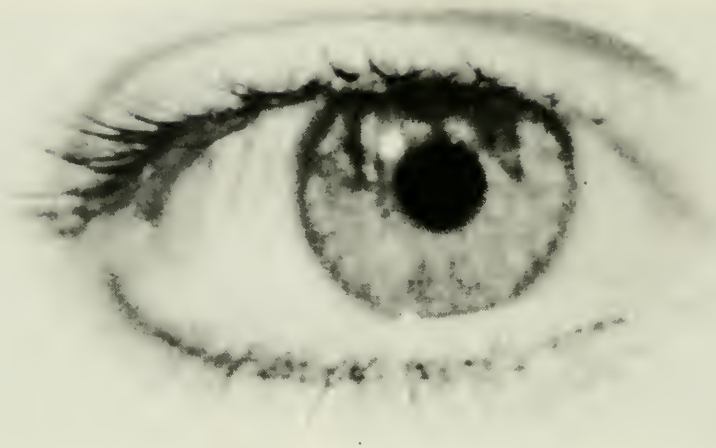
I went around the world
I saw the tallest mountain
Yes, I am in love
With the sea, the sand, the sky

The feeling of love, the idea
The fragile crispness of it
Then superstrong and soft
As heavy as it is light.

Love, together with life
(a touch of anger for accent)
They take me
And go all the way
to tomorrow.

Gart Curtis





The Eye in the Shadow

Always pay attention to the eye in the shadow.
That is where the strong emotions wait.
They wait to be discovered by enemies or lovers.
The eye in the shadow knows,
 or pretends to know,
The nature of things. Things even unknowable.
If you love her, learn the moods of her eye
 in the shadow.
To be afraid of the eye in the shadow
Is to be afraid of the dark.
The bright eye in the afternoon is the one you
 tickle.
That's the one you do headstands for.
The eye in the shadow
Isn't on the left or right.
It relaxes behind the nose.
It doesn't take refuge inside sunglasses.
The eye in the shadow knows.

Gart Curtis



Thou wert truly spawned a loose-born swill
Cower not, nor beg thy worthless life
For mercies extension, to you, shall be nill.
Ye dastard, who at first sign of strife
Oh curses! Fie on thee! Your soul to be damned;
For deporting amidst a pitched battle's heat
While enemies sharp weapons through friends chests to be slammed
And heads gather, thickly, round 'bout brave mens' feet.
Thy head is of water, and thy soul is of stench
Thou mayest run, but ye cannot hide
From thy body, your heart I shall fatally wrench
Ye may watch if thy life so does bide
As thy bleeding gore, from my hands drops away
And thy soul drops also to its judgement day.

Greg Henderson



lesser of the two evils

it is a dangerously thin
line
that separates
love from mere friendship;
"me"
from "us;"
selfishness
from selflessness.
i
just wanted
you
to know that
i'm
almostbutnotquite ready
to make a
suicidekamakazi
leap,
(on the love side, of
course)
and it's killing
me
(the indecision, i
mean)
because the way i
figure,
Somebody's playing with a stacked deck...:
if
i jump, i
risk
losing myself,
if
i stay,
i'll
lose you
so
i think i'll go with the lesser of the two evils:
i mean, being with you might kill me but what a
way to go and like we've all got to go sometime,
eh?

George Turner

STORMY

Perhaps tomorrow I will see the light.
Maybe the sun will shine again on me.
And when the rain has left me with the night,
When from the gray-dawn darkness I am free,
And silvered droplets do not spot my pane,
When I recall the darkness I have known,
Then will I thank sweet nature for the rain,
For if I'd known no pain I'd not have grown.
Tonight the rain may sting my skin a bit,
And mix with salty tears upon my face.
Still, to the grievous cleansing I submit
Myself, until I've learned to call it no disgrac
If this is what it takes to make me whole
Then let the storm winds rage within my soul.

Melanie Suggs



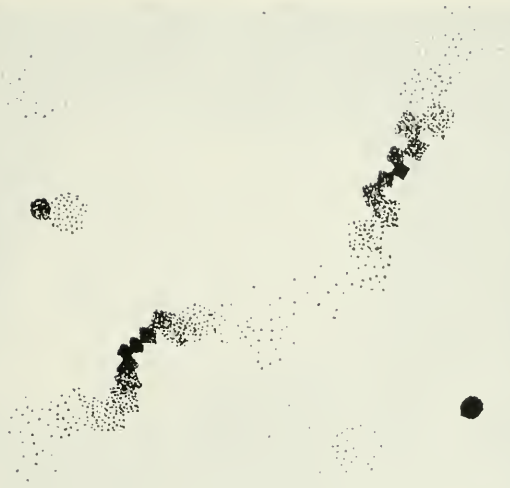


Winter in New England

I remember winter in New England,
Snow blanketing the ground,
Ice sparkling on the bare tree limbs,
And fresh wagon tracks running at my feet.
I followed them, racing the biting wind.
I followed, till lost in lonesome trees,
I stood.
Beyond was flaming city, crackling laughter,
Dispelling the quiet frost, the lonely
country chill.
Beyond was life ablaze with glowing spark
While here was forest frozen,
And how I longed for warmth.
But Mother's voice called shrill and cold!
I could not follow then.
And crystals of snow were already covering the
tracks,
Smothering faint embers of promise...

That winter.

Peggy Brandenburg



ABSOLUTE

pluck out the 'lute' and the 'so.'
You are left with 'ab.'
Even absolute is made of parts--letters--
contained in things far from absolute,
words.
Words like time, space, and eternity,
or love.
What is absolute?

If I see the 'lute' of absolute and you
see only the 'ab,'
are we seeing a different thing, or are we
both looking through a glass darkly
at the same

WORD.

Valerie Dick



I called you up yesterday
I sat by the phone,
thinking of what not to say.
You weren't even there,
So I had dinner alone.

The recipe was an old one,
I didn't follow it closely.

I set dinner for one,
As if I were someone else.
As if someone else were cooking
For some one person
Whom he wanted to impress.

The idea seems strange now,
But I had a really good time.

Gart Curtis

LAMENT

Oh, God, why do you turn your ear from the cry of the children?
Do you no longer hear the chant of the street bantam?
Does your heart not discern its haunting melody?
Father, have you orphaned the waifs of this asphal pit?

Your sparrows have food, but these babes suckle nothingness.
The lilies are arrayed with kingly robes while urchins shiver in ragged sacks.
They starve for the want of a mother's touch
And die from the caress of a knotted fist.

Is your grace too large for their small souls?
Must the infant find love in a needle's sting?
Do you offer no understanding to their vacant minds?
Must the child fly from reality on wings of Angel Dust?

Oh God, Save the Children!
Break the poisonous needle.
Intercept the gift of the junkie.
Unclench the fist of the abuser.
Be the protector of your descendants!

I know that as a father you cannot long withstand the cries of your children.
You will liberate your offspring and avenge their oppressors.
The abuser will curse the day of his birth,
And I will praise the day of your retribution!

Kathy Zelmer



AN ANSWERED RIDDLE

You want me.
You try to capture me in French, Latin--even Greek
 but I escape.
You try to tie me up with words
 and lose me.
You let Webster interrogate me and try to pin me do
 but I am free.
You know my worth and chase me
 for all of yours.
But I run free and wild and blow through your
 thoughts like wind.
I am naked here before you but you are
 too clothed to see me.
You look out when I am in and in when
 you've shut me out.
You say that I'm too many to be caught,
 but I am one.
If I were many I would not be.
Who am I? Where am I?
 I am the I AM.
 I am one.
 I am love.
 I am God.
And the where of me is in you.

Valerie Dick

Southern Adventist Univ McKee Lib
TMS149681

PHOTO CREDITS:

p. 2 Gerald Kastner
5 Doug Walter
7 Darwin White
9 Darwin White
10 Darwin White
13 Gerald Kastner
19 Darwin White
20 Doug Walter
21 Doug Walter
22 Darwin White
24 Sue Ellen Couch
27 Sue Ellen Couch
28 Darwin White
30 Doug Walter
33 Gerald Kastner
34 Suzanne Disheroon
36 Doug Walter
39 Melanie Suggs

DATE DUE

